

# SYNTROPY



1st edition, issue 8. May/21

Bogotá (Colombia)

All rights reserved.

This work is produced with the sole purpose of divulging and incentivizing our scientific culture. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

# SYNTROPY

Yesid Vianchá  
(Chemist)

Translation and proofreading:  
Arnulfo Tuñón-Ortiz  
PhD Candidate, Williams Lab  
Neuroscience Program  
University of Utah

1st edition, Issue 8. May/21.

On this occasion, I want to talk about the stereotype of the scientist as a crazy genius. Some researchers have conducted experiments and found that of the many varieties of psychosis, creativity appears to be most strongly linked to mood disorders, and especially bipolar disorder [Why We Zone Out]. I think that is a bizarre metaphor, as it would be pretty naïve if you consider creativity and solving

problems as the result of an extensive disorder. No doubt there are some examples, but I think it is wrong to generalize.

## Mind's drum

I have had a terrible headache since yesterday. That was just after hearing the click of the lock. I believe he opened the main door and slammed it to then creep into the shadows behind a wall or some furniture.

Yeah, coming to this room was a terrible mistake. You know what? I enjoy reading the stories from scary books but living the experience is not funny.

Why do you ask that? Isn't it enough for you to know how I feel? You, better than anyone, know that words buzz, one after the other, as we move along its cellulose paths, and it is hardly possible to be aware of their speed. I'll give you an example: *"the unforgettable laboratories of ice, darkness, and terror, strewn*

*with cracks, dust, and cobwebs everywhere, that only looks good when your fellows are people like slaves indoctrinated by Romans; when work is useless because alarms and explosions break the lab glassware and cut off water and power supplies."* Consider the way they had to concentrate on following orders!

Yes, *"beta-Naptylamin, instead of saying beta-Naphthylamin"* That's what I'm talking about.

Today, more than ever, the cold is

chilling my bones. No matter how much I stretch my hands, knees, and legs, I cannot feel them. Aren't you afraid that our lives will end here, buried, forever, in the loneliness and mould that covers almost everything?

No. I don't think so. I believe that, unfortunately, no technological innovation or biological creation will correct its inert evil. Haven't you learned from books that if you look for imaginary solutions to the laws governing exceptions, a researcher's unhealthy obsession



can often lead them to complex situations? And sometimes, in that equation, it is easy to remove the human factor. It's logical. Isn't it? You can't successfully approach darkness if you don't suspend your soul and blend your thoughts with its essence.

Exactly. We, at this moment, might be designed for the next multicolored teeth mosaic, as all those silently watching through the resurrection glass. Just like them, we seem lost in the middle of the pages.

Would you like to be part of  
the Syntropy Magazine?



If you are a science lover and enjoy writing, send a message to the Facebook page @salto1cuantico or the email yavianchaa@yahoo.es. With pleasure, we'll give you more information.

You ask me what will I do? Yesterday, today, a while ago, I don't remember, I believe I saw a brief hesitation in his eyes. Of course, it could be just my imagination running wild for all the panic around me. I will pretend to be tied up, and if I see that again, I will certainly not sit down to describe, like Victor, the wretch created by circumstances. No matter whether or not it has proportionated limbs, yellowish parchment-like skin—which barely covers the work of muscles and arteries—or pearly-white teeth. No, instead I

will focus on the ghastly contrast of its eyes. In this way, I will master the look that inspires the sinister ones who guard the churches. Then, if I manage to pick up this old book I will deal a harsh blow at his bloody head—as many times as it takes! After that, we'll go out. You need to be ready!

For god's sake! You never say anything! I don't even know why I'm asking you! It's neither a place nor a time for zoning out. Wouldn't you like to go out?

Wait. Shush. He is coming. Didn't you hear him whistling? The book, hand me the boo-... How come you can't take it either? Damn it! What is it he's carrying? Why that box has my name on it?

## References:

- LEVI, Primo (1988): El sistema periódico. Alianza Editorial. Madrid.
- R. L. Stine (1997). Terror en la biblioteca (Pesadillas, #9). Ediciones B. Traducción: Adolfo Martín.
- ROUSSEL Raymond (2008). Locus solus. Editorial Calder. London. Reprint of Calder and Boyars/University of California translation.

SHELLEY, M. W. (2012): Frankenstein o el moderno Prometeo. Madrid: Cátedra.  
Images created by: upklyak - [www.freepik.com](http://www.freepik.com) and Designed by upklyak / Freepik

## Did you like this booklet?

Recommend this literature to your friends and family. Remember that in sharing and spreading a book, you repay the author for the efforts of its labor. Furthermore, you incentivize them to continue writing stories such as this.

Other works by the author:



Mind-blowing dreams and adventures narrated with poetry that dazzle us by its colors and profundity, all the while honoring the ingenious, imaginative and peculiarity of our reality, portrayed by the particular vision that science provides.



**amazon**



**@syntropyscience**



**(+57) 310 496 66 75**